

Guide to Life.

No. XX.

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PORTRAIT OF RUNNING REIN, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1844.

THE DERBY DAY.—THE RACE.—The instant the bell rang for the clearing of the course, all persons upon it retired promptly, and, we might say, spontaneously, without any interference on the part of the police, who had not the slightest trouble in keeping the course perfectly clear, the vast concourse of people settling themselves down quietly where they might best see the race. After the usual notes of preparation, the spectators on the Grand Stand, and in the vicinity of the winning-post, were made aware, by the cloud of horsemen that were to be seen issuing from behind Sir G. Heathcote's stable, and careering at full speed across towards Tattenham Corner, that the start had taken place, and that the exciting contest was begun. From the spots just mentioned the competing horses were first seen in a body as they passed the betting-ring on the hill. They were then invisible for a few moments, when they were seen again rounding the corner in gallant style. In an instant afterwards, as they were crossing the road that intersects the course a little westward of Tattenham Corner, riders and all were enveloped in a cloud of dust; emerging from which the race began in earnest—that is, a struggle was made to catch the rider in white, who for sometime was having it all his own way, but in vain. Running Rein maintained his lead, and won easily by nearly a length. Thus the two favourites, who ran so closely to each other in the betting circles, and who stood for so long a time in public estimation at so extraordinary a distance from their compeers, were most disgracefully beaten. Ugly Buck by four horses, and Ratan by six! Running Rein will not be allowed to wear his honours quietly, Colonel Peel having claimed the race for Orlando. The matter, in the first instance, will be brought before the Stewards, but it is expected the race will have to be run over again—in the narrow precincts of Westminster Hall.

THE LATE MR. BECKFORD.—(*The Proprietor of Fonthill Abbey the Engraving of which we gave last week*).—A few particulars respecting this extraordinary man, from one who, during the last five years, had frequent access to him, may not at the present moment be uninteresting. For nearly half a century Mr. Beckford had withdrawn himself from society, and lived in a state of voluntary seclusion, as complete as that of one of the old hermits in the desert. "Solitude," says Lamartine, in his account of Lady Hester Stanhope (a woman for whom, by the way, Mr. Beckford had the greatest reverence)—"solitude concentrates and strengthens all the faculties of the mind,—prophets, saints, great men, and poets, have wonderfully understood this; and their dispositions naturally incline them to seek for it in deserts, or to isolate themselves in the midst of their fellow-men." This was the case with Mr. Beckford. Few, with the exception of his own family, and some people of talent, ever approached him; in truth, he was perfectly inaccessible. It may well be questioned whether any individual ever united greater knowledge and taste in all the sister arts. Born with mental powers superior to the generality of mankind, these powers were early developed by the fostering care of the first professors in the kingdom; Mozart was his music-master, Sir W. Chambers instructed him in architecture; and an eminent painter of the day taught him the rudiments of drawing. It will scarcely be believed, that many justly admired airs were originally his composition, and improved on by Mozart and other great composers of the time. I have seen drawings done nearly seventy years ago (sketches from nature of Italian scenery), which for correctness and delicacy would not have been unworthy a regular artist. He designed almost every building and piece of furniture that he possessed. A few years ago an eminent archi-

teet showed him a plan of a public building. After the interview he told me his astonishment at Mr. Beckford's knowledge of the art. "I should have thought him," said he, "a regular architect: when he saw the ground plans, he told me in a moment the intended size of all the apartments." He understood thoroughly Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic; and conversed in many of these languages. His writings in French are so admirable in style and idiom, that Vathek was long considered the work of a Frenchman. The episodes of that singular tale excited such curiosity in the mind of Lord Byron, that he offered (though then in Italy) to meet the author half way, if Mr. Beckford would gratify him with the perusal of the original manuscript. He wrote poetry in the energetic and nervous manner of Milton; and much of his prose contains the very essence of poetry. His collection of pictures contained selections of the works of almost every painter of eminence in all ages; and his judgment as to the originality of pictures was that of a regular dealer, and not a mere connoisseur. His house was one vast library; and there was scarcely a book that was not full of remarks in his own writing. In conversing with him it was impossible to mention any work of repute but he knew all about it, and could instantly tell where it was in any part of the house. His conversation was full of anecdotes of the great people and distinguished characters that have flourished in the last century. You were startled at stories about Voltaire, Mirabeau, Neckar, Madame de Stael, Egalité, Madame Beauharnois (afterwards Empress Josephine), Gainsborough, West, Reynolds, and others of note, with whom he was in habits of intimacy. Everything he uttered, if copied down, would have read well; his writings, published were exactly like his conversation. Mr. Beckford's taste in painting was formed from contemplation of the glorious works of the old masters. This correct taste disgusted him with the daring eccentricities of the moderns; but he was not insensible to the genius of many of our living artists. Of late years he had added to his precious collection many of the works of Roberts, Landseer, Etty, Lee, Barker, Cope, Lance, and others; and his death may be considered a loss to living art, for wherever he observed genius he revered it. Such was Mr. Beckford, whose daughter is a mother in the princely house of Hamilton; and who before he died saw his grandson united to the daughter of a sovereign German house, the Princess Mary of Baden; yet in dress and exterior so plain and unostentatious, that in the streets of this polite city he might have passed for a country farmer.—*Bath Herald*.

RURAL WALKS.—In taking a stroll among hedge-row lanes and "alleys green," next to that best of all companions, a lovely female, an admired author in a convenient shape is the most desirable accompaniment. Thank Heaven! folios and quartos are no longer the fashion. The fruit of a life of study may now lie in a waistcoat pocket. *Ecce signum*. Look at Sherwood and Bowyer's editions of the "Pocket English Classics;" here we have an excellent selection of standard works, embellished by Kenny Meadows, and for a price almost nominal—a volume for sixpence! This is truly the age of wonders. We only regret not to find among the republication of favourite works in this attractive series, the delightful lucubrations of our ancient angling friend, Isaak Walton. But, perhaps, this is a treat reserved for us as a future *bonne bouche*. In our evening walks we would not be without one of these little books in our hand for a trifle.

The following beautiful lines are from a volume containing Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and Minor Poems:

TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

Whom the Author had known in the days of her innocence.

Myrtle leaf, that ill besped	Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Pine in the gladsome ray,	Heave and flutter to his sighs,
Soiled beneath the common tread,	While the flatterer on his wing
Far from thy protecting spray.	Woo'd and whispered thee to rise.
When the partridge o'er the sheaf,	Gaily from thy mother stalk
Whirr'd along the yellow vale,	Wert thou danced and wafted high;
Sad, I saw thee, heedless leaf,	Soon on this unsheltered walk
Love the dalliance of the gale.	Flung to fade, to rot, and die.

THE LATE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—It is not, we entreat Her Majesty to believe, with the view of furthering any unauthorized passion of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Edward, or even any indiscreet flirtation of the Princess Royal, that we venture to ask whether those august though as yet diminutive personages and all their kin might not be advantageously released from the fetters of the Royal Marriage Act. Our reasons are various, some obviously suggested by the late argument in the House of Lords, in the case of Sir Augustus d'Este.

In the first place, then, we say it is a plain tempting of *Punch*, to keep on the statute hook a law which results in the exposure of such an unparalleled variety of royal and noble nonsense as is obtruded on the world from the journal and love letters of his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick and his intended. Take the following specimen from a letter of the Prince's. After informing the lady in a kind of agony of determination

that he has tasted nothing for forty-eight hours, and that "by all that is holy, till when he is married he will eat nothing, and if he is not to be married, the promise shall die with him," he proceeds in the following strain. We can liken it to nothing but the incoherent ejaculations of a man who is on the point of being violently sea-sick. As the climax approaches, we seem to trace the very lurches of the vessel which extort the despairing sobs of the sufferer:—

"I will be conducted in everything by you, but I must be married or die. I would rather see none of my family than be deprived of you. You alone can make me—you alone shall this evening—I will sooner *drop* (!) than give you up. Good God, how I feel! And my love to be doubted sincere and warm! The Lord knows the truth of it; and, as I say, if in forty-eight hours I am not married, I am no more! Oh! Augusta, my soul, let us try. Let me come. I am capable of anything. I fear nothing; and Mr. Gunn (the clergyman), seeing our resolution, will agree! I am half dead! Good God, what will become of me? I shall go mad, most undoubtedly!"

Conceive a rational being—an educated man—nay, "an accomplished Prince," deliberately (or precipitately either) sitting down, mending his pen, and committing to paper this strange compound paroxysm of love and hunger. And consider that a statute expressly framed to support "the honour and dignity of the Crown," has issued in publishing to the four quarters of the world such a development of Royalty. We pass over, in mercy, the lady's heroics, only breathing a fervent hope that they will not be taken as models by our fair countrywomen. But we cannot repress our wonder at the following rhapsody on the Prince's side of the question, written from his lodgings while the marriage service was yet floating on his ear, and the charms of his newly acquired bride before his eye. What is the mysterious promise referred to? Or may we be allowed to suppose that it is only a rising apprehension of the matrimonial vow, which, like an ungainly spectre, mingles itself so strangely with his ecstasies?

"Wife! Dearest of all beings! My dearest Augusta! What happiness, what comfort to my wounded heart, to find all sorrow vanished from it. * * * We have made a hard promise to Gunn—a very hard one indeed; but what would we not have done for to have obtained the highest blessing—that of never being separated—our conscious free? Does my Gussy know that she can no more have a will of her own—that she will and must be strictly guided by me? Oh yes, the dearest creature knows how rigidly we must observe what we swore to Gunn. * * *"

We are happy, what do we desire more? Our conscience freed! Is not this a charm, my wife? What blessings we shall enjoy; for without thee I never, never could—no never. * * * *I may say, at least, Gunn has made us make a dreadful promise, and we must keep it. This is hard, much more so than we think; but a trial for to reap so much blessings from is just: and though at times we shall be sorry for having made it, yet comfort ourselves we have made a great acquisition.*

Really the House of Peers must be gifted with incredible decorum; for our reporter does not note down a single instance of "loud and continued laughter" from the beginning to the end of the trial. If this were in a comedy, it would be the making of the Haymarket; if in a police report, London would be in fits the next morning. Dickens and Ainsworth are flat compared with it. We know not which is most unintelligible—that a son should have authorized such a wholesale exposure of the folly of his father and mother; or that the law Lords, grave as they are, should have sate gravely through it. We can only account for this latter phenomenon by supposing that it was one of those things which are really too absurd to be laughed at—where the sense of the ludicrous is, with well constituted minds, merged in a sense of shame. If anything can fairly be judged by its fruits, surely we may ground some condemnation of the Royal Marriage Act on such a production as this.

MEXICAN THIEVES.—Some time since an English gentleman was quietly sauntering along the Portales, the most crowded thoroughfare of Mexico, his attention being occupied with the variety of wares offered for sale by the small dealers; when suddenly he felt his hat lifted gently from his head. Before he could turn to seize the thief, the rascal was already a dozen yards distant, dodging through the crowd. Upon another occasion, a Mexican was stopped in broad daylight, in a lonely part of the town, by three men, who demanded his cloak. Of course he very strongly objected to parting with so valuable an article; when two of them placed themselves on either side of him, and the third seizing the garment immediately disappeared, leaving the victim in the grip of his companions. His cloak gone, he naturally imagined that the thieves had no further use for him, and attempted to depart. The vagabonds, however, told him to remain patiently where he was, and he would find the result more agreeable than he expected. In the course of fifteen minutes their accomplices returned, and, politely bowing, handed the gentleman a *pawnbroker's ticket*! "We wanted thirty dollars, and not the cloak," said the villain; "here is a ticket, with which you may redeem it for that sum; and as the cloak of such a Caballero is unquestionably worth at least a hundred dollars, you may consider yourself as having made *seventy* by the transaction. *Vaya son Dios!*"—*Mayer's Mexico*.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 147.)

During my seclusion from the world, I had adapted my dress to my situation. Neatness was at all times my pride; but now plainness was the conformity to necessity: simple habiliments became the abode of adversity; and the plain brown satin gown, which I wore on my first visit to the Duchess of Devonshire, appeared to me as strange as a birth-day court-suit to a newly-married citizen's daughter.

To describe the Duchess's look and manner when she entered the back drawing-room of Devonshire House, would be impracticable; mildness and sensibility beamed in her eyes and irradiated her countenance. She expressed her surprise at seeing so young a person, who had already experienced such vicissitude of fortune; she lamented that my destiny was so little proportioned to what she was pleased to term my desert; and with a tear of gentle sympathy, requested that I would accept a proof of her good wishes. I had not words to express my feelings, and was departing, when the Duchess requested me to call on her very often, and to bring my little daughter with me.

I made frequent visits to the amiable Duchess, and was at all times received with the warmest proofs of friendship. My little girl, to whom I was still a nurse, generally accompanied me, and always experienced the kindest caresses from my admired patroness, my liberal and affectionate friend. Frequently the Duchess inquired most minutely into the story of my sorrows, and as often gave me tears of the most spontaneous sympathy. But such was my destiny, that while I cultivated the esteem of this best of women, by a conduct which was above the reach of reprobation, my husband, even though I was the partner of his captivity, the devoted slave to his necessities, indulged in the lowest and most degrading intrigues; frequently, during my short absence with the Duchess, for I never quitted the prison but to obey her summons, he was known to admit the most abandoned of their sex; women whose low licentious lives were such as to render them the shame and outcasts of society. These disgraceful meetings were arranged, even while I was in my own apartment, in a next room, and by the assistance of an Italian, who was also there a captive. I was apprised of the proceeding, and I questioned Mr. Robinson upon the subject. He denied the charge; but I availed myself of an opportunity that offered, and was convinced that my husband's infidelities were both frequent and disgraceful.

Still I pursued my plan of the most rigid domestic propriety; still I preserved my faith inviolate, my name unsullied. At times I endured the most poignant sufferings; from the pain of disappointed hope, and the pressure of pecuniary distresses.

During my long seclusion from society, for I could not associate with those whom destiny had placed in a similar predicament, not one of my female friends even inquired what was become of me. Those who had been protected and received with the most cordial hospitality by me, in my more happy hours, now neglected all the kind condolence of sympathetic feeling, and shunned both me and my dreary habitation. From that hour I have never felt the affection for my own sex which perhaps some women feel; I have never taught my heart to cherish their friendship, or to depend on their attentions beyond the short perspective of a prosperous day. Indeed, I have almost uniformly found my own sex my most inveterate enemies; I have experienced little kindness from them; though my bosom as often ached with the pang inflicted by their envy, slander, and malevolence.

The Italian whom I took occasion to mention as the *Cicerone* of my husband's gallantries, was named Albanesi. He was the husband to a beautiful Roman woman of that name, who had some years before attracted considerable attention in the hemisphere of gallantry, where she had shone as a brilliant constellation. She had formerly been the mistress of a Prince de Courland, and afterwards of the Count de Belgeioso, the Imperial Ambassador; but at the period in which I first saw her, she was, I believe, devoted to a life of unrestrained impropriety. She frequently came to visit her husband, who had held a situation in the opera-house during the management of Mr. Hobart, now Earl of Buckinghamshire. I remember she was one of the handsomest women I had ever seen, and that her dress was the most extravagantly splendid. Satins, richly embroidered, or trimmed with point lace, were her daily habiliments; and her personal attractions were considerably augmented by the peculiar dignity and grace with which she walked: in a few words, this woman was a striking sample of beauty and of profligacy.

Whenever she came to visit her *sposo*, she never failed to obtrude herself on my seclusion. Mr. Robinson rather encouraged than shunned her visits, and I was obliged to receive the beautiful Angelina (for such was her Christian name), however repugnant such an associate was to my feelings. At every interview she took occasion to ridicule my romantic domestic attachment; laughed at my folly in wasting my youth (for I was not then eighteen years of age) in such a disgraceful obscurity; and pictured, in all the glow of fanciful scenery, the splendid life into which I might enter, if I would but know my own power and break the fetters of

matrimonial restriction. She once told me that she had mentioned to the Earl of Pembroke, that there was a young married lady in the most humiliating captivity with her husband; she said that she had described my person, and that Lord Pembroke was ready to offer me his services.

This proposal fully proclaimed the meaning of Signora Albanesi's visits; and I resolved in future to avoid all conversation with her. She was at that time between thirty and forty years of age, and her day of splendour was hourly sinking to the obscurity of neglect: she was nevertheless still reluctant to resign the dazzling meteors which fashion had scattered in her way; and having sacrificed every personal feeling for the gratification of her vanity, she now sought to build a gaudy transient fabric on the destruction of another. In addition to her persuasions, her husband, Angelo Albanesi, constantly made the world of gallantry the subject of his conversation. Whole evenings has he sitted in our apartment telling long stories of intrigue; praising the liberality of one nobleman, the romantic chivalry of another, the sacrifice which a third had made to an adored object, and the splendid income which a fourth would bestow on any young lady of education and mental endowments, who would accept his protection, and be the partner of his fortune. I always smiled at Albanesi's inuendos; and I still found some amusement in his society when he thought fit to divest his conversation of his favourite topic. This Italian, though neither young nor even tolerably well-looking, was uncommonly entertaining; he could sing, likewise imitate various musical instruments, was an excellent buffoon, and a very neat engraver; some of his plates were executed under the inspection of Sherwin, and he was considered as a very promising artist.

Were I to describe one half of what I suffered during fifteen months captivity, the world would consider it as the invention of a novel. But Mr. Robinson knows what I endured, and how patiently, how correctly I suited my mind to the strict propriety of wedded life: he knows that my duty as a wife was exemplary, my chastity inviolate; he knows that neither poverty nor obscurity, neither the tauntings of the world nor his neglect, could tempt me even to the smallest error: he knows that I bore my afflicting humiliations with a cheerful uncomplaining spirit; that I toiled honourably for his comfort; and that my attentions were exclusively dedicated to him and to my infant.

(To be continued in our next.)

SONG OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

Another turn-out, and the people shout,
And shake their fists at me!
Oh! little they dream that the giant of steam,
Like themselves, would fain be free.
I'm grim to the sight, with my wheels so bright,
And my ribs of iron strong;
But 'neath iron and steel is a heart to feel,—
A spirit to suffer wrong.
I am bound to obey, both night and day,
The master that bids me toil;
And nothing they know, how I share their woe,
These people that make and moil.
I curse the hour that human power
First made my wheels to go;
I hoped at my birth to bless the earth,
And now, I work it woe!
Not a patient face, in this terrible place,
But wears a curse to me;
Not a trembling hand in this infant band
But I sicken for sorrow to see.
For, tho' stern and strong, I am bound to wrong,
By sterner and stronger still;
And with throb and groan, and mutter and moan,
I'm a bond-slave to their will.
Down goes the sun,—but there's work to be done,
And wages are but small;
And the father must doom his child to the loom,
That there may be bread for all.
Mother and child, and maiden mild,
Are waiting on my wheels;
Not a fainting finger dares to linger,
Though not a brain but reels!
Woe! Woe! to the weak, their limbs I break!
Their life I wrench away;
Cheeks will grow pale, and eyes will fail,
And the sleeper is my prey.
Yet herein I bless their wretchedness,
For I free them from their woe;
And mine are the hands to unloose the bands
That hold them in sorrow below.—Puck.

THE MONTEM.

At this ancient ceremony, it is well known, contributions are levied from all passengers and visitors, which are presented to the boy who has the good fortune to be at the head of the School at the time the Montem takes place. For this purpose the whole of the scholars, habited in different costumes, march in grand procession to the neighbouring village of Salt hill, where a dinner is provided for them and the money or *Salt*, which sometimes exceeds £1000., presented to the head-boy, who is styled for the day, *Captain*. It is impossible to detail the different customs and ceremonies which take place during these juvenile

Saturnalia; a general notion, however may perhaps be formed from the following passage, which is extracted from an article published in Mr. Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, and is evidently written by an Etonian:

"We reached at length the foot of the Mount, a very respectable Barrow, which never dreamt in its Druidical age, of the interest which it now excites, and the honours which now await it. Its sides are clothed with mechanics in their holiday suits, and happy dairy-maids in their Sunday gear. At its base sit Peeresses in their barouches, and Earls in all the honours of Four-in-hand. The flag is waved, the scarlet coats and the crimson plumes again float amongst us, and the whole earth seems made for our universal holiday. I love the no-meaning of Montem. I love to be asked for 'Salt' by a pretty boy in silk stockings and satin doublet, though the custom has been called something between robbing and begging. I love the apologetical 'Mos pro Lege,' which defies the police and the Mendicity Society. I love the absurdity of a Captain taking precedence of a Marshal, and a Marshal bearing a gilt baton at an angle of forty-five degrees from his right hip; and an Ensign flourishing a flag with the grace of a tight-rope dancer, and sergeants paged by fair-skinned Indians and beardless Turks; and Corporals in sashes and gorgets, guarded by innocent polemen in blue jackets and white trousers. I love the mixture of real and mock dignity; the Provost, in his cassock, clearing the way for the Duchess of Leinster to see an Ensign make his bow; or the Head-master gravely dispensing his leave till nine to Counts of the Holy Roman Empire and Grand Seignors. I love this crush in the Cloisters and the mob on the Mount. I love the clatter of carriages and the plunging of horsemen. I love the universal gaiety, from the peer who smiles and sighs that he is no longer an Eton boy, to the country girl who marvels that such little gentlemen have cocked hats and real swords.

"I will not attempt to reason about the pleasures of Montem, but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness—and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness; and then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries.



THE QUADRANGLE OF ETON COLLEGE ON THE MORNING OF THE MONTEM.

I have seen to-day fifty old school-fellows, of whom I remember only their nicknames: they are now degenerated to scheming M.P.s or clever lawyers, or portly doctors; but at Montem they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians." It is, indeed, a bright and joyous scene; and in spite of the stern verdicts of uncompromising censors may the time be far distant when its innocent buffoneries shall be at an end, and it shall cease to be a jubilee for hundreds. It is one of those scenes, which an assemblage of youth, and health, and high spirits alone can produce; it holds before us a

mirror of the past, and brings back that early freshness of the heart, for which wealth and worldly grandeur are but ill-exchanged.

ANCIENT RUINS IN TEXAS.—We have been informed by a gentleman who has traversed a large portion of the Indian country of Northern Texas, and the country lying between Santa Fe and the Pacific, that there are vestiges of ancient cities and ruined castles or temples on the Rio Puerco and the Colorado of the West. He says, that on one of the branches of the Rio Puerco, a few days travel from Santa Fe, there is an immense pile of ruins that appear to belong to an ancient temple. Portions of the walls are still standing, consisting of huge blocks of limestone, regularly hewn, and laid in cement. The building occupies an extent of more than an acre. It is two or three stories high, has no roof, but contains many rooms, generally of a square form, without windows, and the lower rooms are so dark and gloomy, that they resemble caverns rather than the apartments of an edifice built for human habitation. Our informant was unable to describe the style of architecture, but he believes it could not have been erected by Spaniards or Europeans, as the stones are much worn by the rains, and indicate that the building had stood several hundred years. From this description we are induced to believe that it resembles the ruins of Palenque or Otulun. He says there are many similar ruins on the Colorado of the West, which empties into the Californian Sea. In one of the valleys of the Cordilleras traversed by this river, and about 400 miles from its mouth, there is a large temple still standing, its walls and spires presenting scarcely any trace of dilapidation, and were it not for the want of a roof it might still be rendered habitable. Near it, scattered along the declivity of a mountain, are the ruins of what must have been once a large city. The traces of a large aqueduct, part of which is, however, in the solid rock, are still visible. Neither the Indians residing in the vicinity, nor the oldest Spanish settlers of the nearest settlements, can give any account of the origin of these buildings. They merely know that they have stood there from the earliest periods to which their traditions extend. The antiquary, who is desirous to trace the Aztec or Toltec races in their migrations from the northern regions of America, may find in these ancient edifices many subjects of curious speculation.—*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.*

No event in the world's history can be brought forward as a parallel to this most remarkable piece of self-sacrifice on the part of the Russian nation, fraught as it was too with such terrific results to Napoleon, the flower of whose army perished by disease and famine, or else at the hands of the hordes of savage Cossacks that attacked them during their retreat at every point.

It was at first thought that this terrific disaster had occurred through the intoxication of the French soldiers; but reports came in rapidly with officers from all quarters, which placed the real cause beyond all doubt. All agreed in the statement of a globe of fire having been let down upon the palace of one of the Russian princes, which had consumed it, on the first night of their entrance, and that this was a signal to the incendiaries. Men of atrocious look and tattered garments, and frantic women, had been seen roaming amidst the flames, and thus completing a hideous resemblance of the infernal world. They were the malefactors whom Rostopchin had let loose from the prisons, and commissioned to execute this tremendous deed as the price of their liberation and pardon. Most thoroughly did they fulfil their trust: and, becoming delirious with intoxication, with excitement, and entire success, they no longer concealed themselves, but ran to and fro with diabolical yells, like furies, waving lighted brands round their heads. The French could not make them drop their torches, except by slashing at their naked arms with sabres. Orders were instantly given to shoot every incendiary on the spot. The army was drawn out. The old guard, which had been quartered in the Kremlin, took arms, and their horses and baggage quickly filled the courts. Masters of Moscow, they were obliged to seek their bivouac outside its gates.

Napoleon was awoke by the blaze and uproar of the conflagration. It was impossible for him any longer to fortify himself with incredulity and scorn. On perceiving that the city was really on fire in almost every quarter, he gave way to his first feelings in rage, and a passionate resolve to master the devouring element; but he presently recovered himself, and silently yielded to what he saw was inevitable. His inward agitation was excessive. He seemed parched by the flames as he gazed at their fury. He continually sat down, and then abruptly started up, and traversed his apartments with rapidity. Again he seated himself, and began to transact most urgent business; yet every now and then he started up and ran to the windows, uttering short and broken exclamations as he traced the progress of the flames: "What a frightful spectacle! To have done it themselves! Such a number of palaces! What extraordinary resolution!" There is something extremely fine in this power of standing apart from the scene, even while in the midst of such an excitement and danger, and admiring the forces brought into action, even though to his own utter destruction.

A report was now circulated that the Kremlin was undermined. Several Russian prisoners had affirmed this; certain writings attested it. Some of the attendants lost their senses with terror; the military awaited with firmness whatever Napoleon and their destiny should decide; but he noticed the alarm only by a smile of incredulity. Meantime, the conflagration raged with increasing violence, and they all began to inhale the smoke and ashes. Still Napoleon would not depart. He walked to and fro with convulsive energy.

Night was again approaching. The glare of the flames became more brilliant as the shades closed round, and he saw the devouring element seizing upon all the bridges, and all the accesses to the fortress which enclosed him, while the equinoctial wind blew with redoubled violence. At this crisis, Prince Eugene and Murat arrived in breathless haste, most earnestly, and even on their knees, beseeching Napoleon to leave the palace. All their efforts, however, were in vain. Suddenly, a cry was heard,—"The Kremlin is on fire!" The words were echoed from every part of the building. The Emperor left his apartment that he might himself judge of the danger. A Russian soldier of police had been detected in the act. He had received a signal, and given the watchword. The exasperated grenadiers put an end to him with their bayonets. It was evident that there had been an organised plan to burn even the Kremlin. This incident decided Napoleon, and he rapidly descended the northern staircase.



NAPOLÉON AT THE FIRE OF MOSCOW.

A guide had been called to conduct Napoleon and his attendants through the Kremlin and out of the city. Segur has given a terrific description of the dangers which they had to encounter on their way. According to him, they were besieged in the midst of an ocean of flames, which enveloped all the gates of the citadel. After an exciting search, there was discovered a postern-gate across the rocks, which opened towards the Mosqua. Through this narrow way, they made their escape. They were now nearer to the flames of the city than before, and could neither retreat, nor advance across the waves of this sea of fire. Those even who had recently passed through to the Kremlin, were now so bewildered by the wind and blinded by the ashes, that they were unable to recognise the divisions of the city, or recollect the directions of any of its streets which still remained. The roaring of the flames increased every moment round them. Napoleon now led the way. A single narrow street, crooked, and in every part on fire, presented itself to their notice; but it seemed, as one of the party afterwards said, "more like an avenue to the hell before them, than a way to escape from it." Into this terrible pass, Napoleon darted on foot without a moment's hesitation, followed by his officers and guards. He continued to advance over the scorching and crackling cinders, amidst the dangers of dividing roofs, falling beams, and domes covered with burning iron, which continually came thundering down, and scattered tremendous ruins on every side. These fragments much impeded his progress. The flames, which were consuming with eager and tempestuous violence the houses between which he proceeded, after reaching their summits, were turned back by the force of the wind in arches of fire over their heads. They were treading on a soil of fire, under a sky of fire, and between walls of fire. A penetrating heat was tormenting and almost scorching up their eyes, and yet it was necessary to keep them open and intently fixed upon the surrounding dangers. Their hands were burned in endeavouring to protect their faces from the intolerable heat, and their bodies from the falling embers and flakes which were continually burning through their clothes. Their respiration was nearly choked with ashes and suffocated with smoke.

GAMBOLS OF PUCK.

NUTS TO CRACK.—Our Dull Man occupies himself during his leisure hours in making Conundrums. They are remarkable for their simplicity, and peculiarly acceptable to all who do not choose to tax their brains too much with abstruse queries. We subjoin half a dozen of the most eligible:

Why is an umbrella like a macintosh?—Because it keeps off the wet.
When is a pane of glass not a pane of glass?—When it's smash'd to pieces.

What is the difference between a poached egg and an egg poached?—There is no difference.

How is Pennsylvania spelt in two letters?—Nohow at all.

Why do people go to bed?—Because they feel tired.

When does a man in a brown coat with a parcel under his arm go along Fleet-street at the rate of five miles an hour?—When he's in a hurry.

We add one charade, by way of a *bonne bouche*, from the same hand:—

To call my first from off a stand

Is not a thing uncommon;

My second you must surely be

If you are not a woman,

And, if you wish no time to lose,

My whole will drive you where you choose.

A CAB-MAN.

A NOTE.—Sir Valentine Blake presents his compliments to Puck, and begs he will be kind enough to answer these questions:—

1. What is the difference between *trunk hose* and a *chest of drawers*?
2. If Mr. Boyle was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork, could not the latter nobleman be regarded as Chemistry's uncle?
- And 3. Whether Mr. Walker, the astronomical lecturer, had ever entertained hopes of succeeding to the title of the Earl of Orrery?

LOVE OF DANTE.—"The love of Dante," says the last number of *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, "is calm, resigned, submissive; death sanctifies it instead of converting it into remorse; neither is it the sort of love which characterises our age of transition, and which has been so well defined as 'l'égoïsme à deux personnes,' a jealous and convulsive passion, made up of self-love and that thirst for personal well-being which narrows the sphere of our activity, and causes us to forget our duties towards our country and towards mankind;—no, the love of Dante destroys nothing, it fertilizes all—it gives a giant-like force to the sentiment of duty—it expands the soul to the ends of the whole earth—" Whenever and wherever she appeared to me, I no longer felt that I had an enemy in the world—such a flame of charity was kindled in my heart, causing me to forgive every one who had offended me. The power of continuing to go onwards towards perfection and purification, which shone into him from Beatrice, is the constant theme of his poems—it is the love, such as Schiller has conceived in his 'Don Carlos'—such as the future will understand. When Beatrice—whose affection for the poet may be inferred from the reproaches she addresses to him in *Parad. cxxxi. 1*, taken together with lines in the *Canzone*, 'E m'incresco di me'—was married, he fell seriously ill;—when a short time afterwards she died, his life was feared for. 'He had become,' says Boccaccio, 'something savage to look upon.' But he felt that the death of Beatrice imposed fresh duties upon him, and that what he had now to do was to render himself more and more worthy of her—he resolved within himself to keep his love for her till the last day of his life, and to bestow upon her an immortality on earth. He kept his vows—his union with Gemma Donati, in spite of the assertions of those who believe it was unhappy, appears to have been calm and cold, rather the accomplishment of a social duty, than the result of an irresistible impulse of the heart. His short fancies for Gentucca and Madonna Pietra passed over his soul like clouds; above them is the serene heaven, and in this heaven the image of Beatrice remains immovable and shining like the sun of his inner life. He gave her name to one of his daughters, whom Boccaccio saw, a nun at Ravenna. He inspired himself by her memory, not only in the magnificent pages which he consecrated to her towards the close of his life in his poem, but in his worship for woman, which pervades it from one end to the other. In his love for the beautiful—in his strivings after inward purity—Beatrice was the muse of his understanding, the angel of his soul, the consoling spirit which sustained him in exile, in poverty—under a cheerless, wandering, denuded existence, if ever there was one.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—A short time since, as a farmer residing at Dammartin (Jura) was digging a trench in a vineyard near the roadside, he came to a large flag-stone, which, having been raised, laid open an orifice of about a metre square, leading to a cavity below. The farmer's son descended by means of a ladder, and to his astonishment found a vault, thirty metres square, supported by twelve large columns in excellent preservation. On the north were twelve cases in stone, standing against the wall, in shape something like the sentry-boxes of the present day. When struck, they gave back a hollow sound, and one of them, having been broken, disclosed a complete suit of armour, much corroded by rust, but all the pieces of which were still connected with thick thongs of leather. The armour, which was of an exceedingly ancient form, contained all the bones of a skeleton, except the head, which was absent, leading one to suppose that the warrior had been decapitated. At the feet lay a purse, made of metal rings, containing twenty-three bronze and silver medals of small size. They were all of the Netherlands, except one representing Charlemagne. A reliquary was also found, which apparently had been attached by a chain to the neck of the figure. It was of octagonal form, and covered with chasing still perfectly clear and well-defined. From the taste and delicacy of the design, it would appear to belong to the eleventh or twelfth century. The letters L. P. were discernable in various parts. A massive gold ring was also discovered, without any other ornament than the same letters L. P. Round the other three sides of the vault were similar stone cases, also placed against the wall. Some stones, with vestiges of Gothic inscriptions, appear to cover other tombs. In an angle a door is walled-up, which is apparently the ancient entrance. The Mayor had all the articles thus discovered placed in safe keeping, and gave notice of the circumstance to the Prefect of the department.—*French Papers.*

ACID CONTAINED IN ANTS.—Contrary to the once received doctrine, that no acid was to be found in any animal, except as the effect of disease in the alimentary canal, many insects secrete peculiar and powerful ones. The fact that blue flowers, when thrown into an ant-hill, become tinged with red, has been long known; but Mr. Martin, of Sheffield, about 1670, seems to have been the first who ascertained that this effect is caused by an acid with which ants abound, and which may be obtained from them by distillation, or infusion in water. Margraff and other chemists have confirmed the discovery. The subsequent experiments of Devereux, Fourcroy, and Vauquelin, have ascertained that the acid is not of a distinct kind, but a mixture of acetic and malic; these acids are in such considerable quantities, and so concentrated in these

animals, that when a number of them are bruised in a mortar, the vapour is so sharp that it is scarcely possible to endure it even at a short distance. It also transpires from them, for they leave traces of it on the bodies over which they pass; and hence, according to the experiments of Mr. Redmond, the vulgar notion that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk, is correct; the effervescence produced by the contact of the acid and alkali being so considerable as in some degree to burn their legs. The circumstance of much of their food being of a saccharine nature, may account for this curious secretion of acid, the use of which is probably to defend themselves and their habitations from the attack and intrusion of their enemies.

CAUTION TO SLEEPERS IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—We have lately heard of an occurrence which ought to operate as a caution to sleepers in railway carriages. A lady a few days ago left Manchester in a first-class carriage for Birmingham, accompanied by her niece. Shortly after, two gentlemen, and at the next station a third, all enveloped in large cloaks, joined their company. The gentlemen not being of a loquacious turn, and their presence stopping the familiar conversation of the relatives, the young lady soon fell fast asleep. Her aunt, though somewhat incommode by the poking about of what she thought was a stick or umbrella belonging to one of the gentlemen, speedily followed her into the land of dreams, and when she awoke did not dream about anything going wrong during her mental absence. The gentlemen got out at the next station, and the relatives thought their room better than their company; but on their arrival at Birmingham, the elder lady discovered that something else had departed with them. It turned out what in her somnolent state she conceived to be a stick or umbrella, was the poking of a gentleman's fingers, and that her pocket was the object of his search. Three sovereigns were abstracted; and had she not happily taken the precaution of fastening a roll of notes to her garments, that would, doubtless, also have been absent.

THE HUMAN SACRIFICES BY OUR EARLY ANCESTORS.—We will follow the Druids through one of their awful ceremonies. It is a high festival: it is the tenth of March—the first day of their year. A solitary mistletoe has been discovered. It is evening. Every light, from the small rush in the squalid hut to the larger light of the then rude palace, is extinguished. The night is sacred to the worship of the serpent and of fire; and the mistletoe is about to be cut from the sacred oak. Two snow-white bulls have been captured. They are led forward through the hallowed grove. The gloomy forest is entered by thousands; rude music is sounding; and the white robed priests, with wand in hand, are following, with measured step, in the wake of one of nobler mien, and more commanding look, and whose dress bespeaks him an Arch-Druid. In his hand is a golden knife, and his robes have a longer sweep and more graceful foldings than those of his attendants. The mystic egg-bearing chain that encircles his neck is more massive; his wand is lottier; and a "breastplate of justice" rests on his bosom. Hundreds of men and women, painted with ochre, or covered with skins, are following in their rear. The crescent moon is shining on high; but its silvery light scarce penetrates the dark forest. The solemn group moves on; and the cry of many a startled bird salutes the ear. Many a vista has been trodden, and a long and weary way has been wended among trees that have battled the storm for centuries. But a gnarled and gigantic oak is at length desiered, stretching out its withered and mighty arms in the faint moonshine. Around its hoary trunk, and from its knotty limbs, the sacred bough displays its pearly berries. This is the object of their pilgrimage. The priests draw near. The music and the clamour cease. The painted multitude stand, with trembling awe, in the dim distance. The animals are brought forward, and their horns are now lashed to the body of the tree. Their bellowings make the woods echo; but the mysterious rite is not accomplished. A Druid ascends the tree, and with a golden knife severs the sacred bough from its foster-parent; but no human hand has yet polluted it by a touch. Its fall is gently checked by the slender wand of the Arch-Druid, and it is caught in a white cloth to be borne with solemn pomp to the temple of the Terrible Power to whom the groves are sacred. The bulls are now slain; the viscera are examined, and divination succeeds. But other sacrifices are demanded, and the slaughtered animals are yet to be burnt on the altars of the temple. The groves are retreden with solemnity as before, and the rude, hideous, gigantic pile is once more reached. The god requires a human sacrifice, and one has been kept for the occasion. Deep in the earth a dungeon has been prepared, and there the condemned culprit has been immured, through many a dreary week, for the express purpose of forming a sacrificial offering. He now comes forth, pale, weak, and thin. His sandy hair has grown lank and wiry, and the ochre stained lines of his body and his face, though somewhat faded, form a ghastly contrast to the blanched appearance of the rest of his person and visage: for his eyes are sunk in their orbits, and his cheek is haggard with fear. Dark days spent in awful musings, long nights of painful watching or frightful dreams, have exhausted every energy, and made him a weak, trembling, emaciated wretch. But he comes forth to be

victimised as a sacrifice. A Druid robed in a surplice, and bearing a long wand, precedes the unhappy creature, and brings him to a group of other priests, with the Arch-Druid standing before them. The high priest points to a withered oak, at a short distance. Thither the prisoner is led. A huge osier basket is at his side, containing the remains of the slaughtered bulls, but a vacancy remains. The multitude are in breathless suspense. The priests, with the Arch-Druid at their head, march forward, bearing golden sacrificial knives and white wands. The hands and arms of the unhappy man are pinioned over his head; and now, after a slight pause, a priest plunges a sabre into his midriff. He falls. The white-robed Druids gather round him, watch the convulsions prompted by his agony, and minutely scan the crimson torrent as it flows from his chest. These frightful appearances having passed away, the body is laid open, and the entrails, reeking with life, are exhibited to the contemplation of the Arch-Druid, who pretends to gather from these things omens of events to come, and divines accordingly. The body is now plunged into the osier basket, dragged to the stony altar, and hoisted thereon. The fire is lighted, and Druidical worship, with all its gloomy horrors, is carried on. Such were the external influences made to bear upon the minds and feelings of our rude forefathers, by which they were long kept in superstitious darkness and under the thrall of a proud and cruel priesthood.

JAMES HORROCKS, WHOSE FATHER LIVED IN THE TIME OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—On the 25th of March (allowing for the alteration of style), this venerable old man attained his hundredth year, when about twenty of his grandchildren dined with him, and he was much delighted with the family party. He has become much enfeebled within the last six months, but is at times remarkably cheerful and fond of company. He stated, that since he had been "put into the paper" a great deal of the great folks had been to see him. He said he had lords and 'squires, and members of Parliament, and persons of all sorts, and among the rest one of the "everlasting saints." When told that the sect were called latter-day saints, he laughed heartily at his mistake.

LEGAL CONSEQUENCES OF INSANITY.—In November, 1821, John Schmidt, aged 17, was tried at Metz for parricide. He had manifested from an early age a proneness to mischief and even cruelty. As soon as he was old enough to run in the streets, he would amuse himself by throwing stones into the riuilet that ran through the village, in order to spatter and hurt the people who were passing by, many of whom were injured by him. They contented themselves, however, with charging his parents to take care of him, for he was even considered to be mad.

The first count in the indictment charged him with wounding on the head his sister-in-law, in one of their domestic quarrels. The second charged him with an attempt on the life of one of his cousins, whom he pushed into the water while he was fishing by the side of a pond, and then laughed at his struggles to extricate himself. When he finally succeeded, Schmidt approached him and asked if he were wet, and if the water had reached his skin, the boy, to show that it had, opened his shirt, when Schmidt plunged a knife in his bosom. Happily the wound was not severe.

On the night of the parricide, the father was boiling potashes. At four o'clock in the morning he called to his wife to come and assist him in lifting the kettle from the fire, but she refused, and ordered John to go. John went in his shirt, and set the kettle on the floor, and while his father was bending over to stir the potashes, he struck him a blow with a hatchet lying near, that felled him senseless to the ground. He then ascended to the garret, where his brother and sister were sleeping, and severely wounded the latter with the hatchet. On being seized by his brother soon after, he asked to see his father, who had just expired; and when gratified in this wish, he uttered these remarkable words: "Ah, my dear father, where are you now? What will become of me? You and my mother are the cause of my misfortunes. I predicted it long ago, and if you had brought me up better, this would not have happened." When asked what had induced him to commit such an atrocious crime, he replied that the devil undoubtedly instigated him. He also declared that the itch which he had taken from his sister-in-law was repelled, and, in consequence, frequently occasioned a mental derangement and fits of fury which impelled him to sacrifice everything. Several witnesses testified that he had always been remarkable for profound piety and religious habits. He confessed to his counsel, that whenever he saw a cutting instrument, such as a hatchet, knife, &c., he felt the strongest desire to seize it, and would the first person that came in his way. His counsel unsuccessfully pleaded in his defence mental derangement, though Schmidt interrupted him by declaring that he was not mad. Shortly before the fatal hour, food was brought to him, but observing it to be meat, he refused to eat it, saying that in a few minutes it would be Friday. As he walked barefooted to the place of execution, his confessor asked him if the pavement did not hurt him? "I wish," he replied, "they had made me walk on thorns." When he arrived at the scaffold they cut off his hand, but he uttered not a word or a cry, and remained firm to the last.

Dr. Marechal, of Metz, who communicated this case, observes, that he was struck with the smallness of the head, and its singular shape, and that on carefully examining his skull, he found the forehead very narrow and retreating, the sinciput tolerably high, and a marked prominence over the ears. He said it had the same shape as those of all the idiots mentioned by Pinel.

In Schmidt we have ample confirmation of the other indications of imbecility, in the physical structure, which speaks a language that cannot deceive. If his cranium were shaped like those of the idiots described by Pinel, what better manifestations of mind or morals could have been expected from one thus stamped by nature with the impress of inferiority? This furnishes an explanation of this early indulgence in brutal propensities, to such a degree, as to be regarded mad; and gives us a clew to the cause of his attempts on life, solely for the momentary gratification they afforded; of the motiveless and cold-blooded murder of his father; and of that regard of religious observances which had no better foundation than the merest superstition. His inclination to kill on seeing a cutting instrument, shows some morbid action in the brain not uncommon in imbecility, which is also indicated by the paroxysms of fury in which he felt himself urged on to indiscriminate slaughter. These vehement impulses, even the slight consciousness of wrong, denoted by his exclamation on seeing the corpse of his father, was totally unable to restrain; and, by a process unknown to himself, and which he could only explain on the popular notion of the instigation of the devil, they would burst forth with fatal violence. His extraordinary proneness to mischief and cruelty, and the early age at which it began to appear, point distinctly to an original defect of constitution, which, though not attended by what is properly called mania, furnishes no controlling influence over the purely animal propensities. Ferocity of disposition in imbeciles no more implies responsibility for criminal acts, than it does in the brutes; and affords but an indifferent reason for ridding the world of their presence. To conclude then, we cannot hesitate to believe with Dr. Marechal and Georget, that Schmidt was one of those wretched beings who are disgraced by nature from their very birth, and whose vicious propensities are counterbalanced neither by a sense of justice and morality, nor a fear of punishment.—*Ray on Insanity.*

RUSSIAN HACKNEY COACHMEN.—At a post station in Ingermannland, for the first time we became acquainted with a specimen of that interesting class of men, Russian hackney coachmen, in the person of one whom we hired, called Paul Ivanovitch. He was a sharp smart young fellow of about twenty-five, and he served us not only as coachman, but as valet, musician, and watchman. In spite of the most freezing cold, he was always singing comic songs at the full pitch of his voice, on his windy seat, whilst we, warmly imbedded inside, had to stuff up our mouths with wool. At night, when the sledge was put into a courtyard, he lay down upon our trunks as watchman, and was quite contented with a mat and some straw for a bed. He was always full of resources in time of need; and once, when we were in want of some cord to bind a box, he, in a moment, twisted together some straw from the sledge, and tied the box as firmly with it as if it had been nailed down.—*Kohl's Russia.*

TICKET No. 9.



The Gipsy fortune-teller is now a character rarely met with in the neighbourhood of London; Norwood, however, is still the place where the queen of this wandering tribe resides. Our artist had the opportunity a few weeks since of sketching a portrait of this personage, which we here give to our readers. It will be recollected, that the former queen died a few years since at a very advanced age.

SPRING.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers;
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-path's its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods,
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must feel.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the poisoned soul will lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

THE CASE OF MARY FURLEY.—Sir James Graham has earned an undying reputation by his conduct in the case of this broken-hearted woman. In the first place, although she was sentenced to death by the honey-tongued Maule, Sir James Graham knew nothing whatever of the matter. No; when questioned by the House upon the atrocity of the sentence, aggravated as it was by the funeral eloquence of the judge, who, doubtless, to teach a great moral lesson, tortured the woman with Tyburn tropes; even the Home Secretary knew nothing of the circumstances which had sent a shuddering horror through the heart of the kingdom. He would, however, inquire about Mary Furley. A week or so passes, and the country is astounded, horrified at the further barbarity exercised upon the sufferer, who is frenzied, agonized by the official visit of the sheriff, come with the death-warrant from the Home-office. There is no hope for her! She has, it is true, been driven to madness by accumulated miseries which beggar fiction: she has been tortured into an act



THE QUEEN OF
THE NORWOOD GIPSIES.

of insanity by the cruelty of fortune. "It is no matter (says the philosopher at the Home-office) she must die. The woman must be hanged!" For some four-and-twenty hours the doomed creature suffers agony unutterable. Sir James Graham, doubtless, sleeps sweetly in his bed—yes, enjoys that sweet, deep slumber, rewardful of solemn duties solemnly fulfilled. Then, rising, he bethinks himself of the poor wretch in Newgate; the fact is, he is made to think of her by the earnest faces and loud remonstrances of a few Samaritans who beset the Home-office. He is entreated to reconsider the sentence, and the result is a reprieve for Mary Furley. No extenuating circumstance has been discovered—none whatever. The case remains as it was when Judge Maule—whose eloquence might fire even the Temple—denounced the forlorn offender from the judgment-seat; just as it was when Sir James Graham sent down the death-warrant; but the public heart has revolted at the contemplated atrocity—the official murder threatened by the Home-office—and the Minister relents; yes, the woman shall be reprieved! She has been upon the rack for four-and-twenty hours; but what is such amount of torment, more or less, to one who has already suffered so much? What, another stab of the heart, to a heart so sorely maimed and bleeding! Then appear in the newspapers compliments, indicative of the new tenderness of Sir James Graham. Yes, think we, Sir James has now fully considered Mary

Furley's condition. Poor blighted creature! He has followed her through her miserable history—has sympathized with her wretchedness in the Union, when her sick child was cut and maimed by the Union's drunken servant—has glowed with admiration of her, when, with her heroic woman's heart, she again faced the misery of an un pitying world—has sorrowed with her at the failing of her last hope, the few shillings, stolen or lost, that were to have given her and her babe the means of life—has felt, to painful intensity, a grief and sympathy, when, with a brain fired with despair, the frantic mother sought a grave for herself and child. Yes—thought we—the good, soft-hearted Sir James has pondered on the history, so complete in all its terrors, of Mary Furley, and he will recommend the woman to the Royal mercy. A few days, a week or two perhaps, may be the term of her imprisonment in the Penitentiary; and then she will return to the world, to enjoy the active sympathies even of the highest born of her own sex, who will gather about her, and with Samaritan goodness strive to heal the wounds inflicted by undeserved wretchedness upon her. She will be pitied, comforted, ay, caressed, for the horrors she has endured, and, by the bounty of sympathizing goodness, the means of subsistence will henceforth be made easy to her. Such was our day dream. Sir James Graham has recommended Mary Furley to the Royal mercy, and the result is—transportation for seven years! "Such is the breath" of Home Secretaries! The Royal mercy was wont, by a figure of speech, to be called the brightest jewel in the Crown. If it still be so, why then, Sir James, thanks to you, Her Majesty Queen Victoria wears at the present moment the dimmest of diadems.—*Punch.*

HORRIBLE STORY.—A married woman, residing in Distington, near Whitehaven, previous to last week, suffered severely for some months past from a pain in the stomach, and every means adopted for its removal proved of no avail. On Wednesday last, however, during a fit of coughing, she ejected from her stomach a living reptile, about twelve inches in length, resembling the water asp, and has ever since been comparatively free from the pain she had hitherto endured. It is conjectured that the reptile had been swallowed in water when very small, and that it had attained its great size in the stomach of the unfortunate woman, who had been so long tortured by her strange and unnatural lodger.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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TICKET.

